

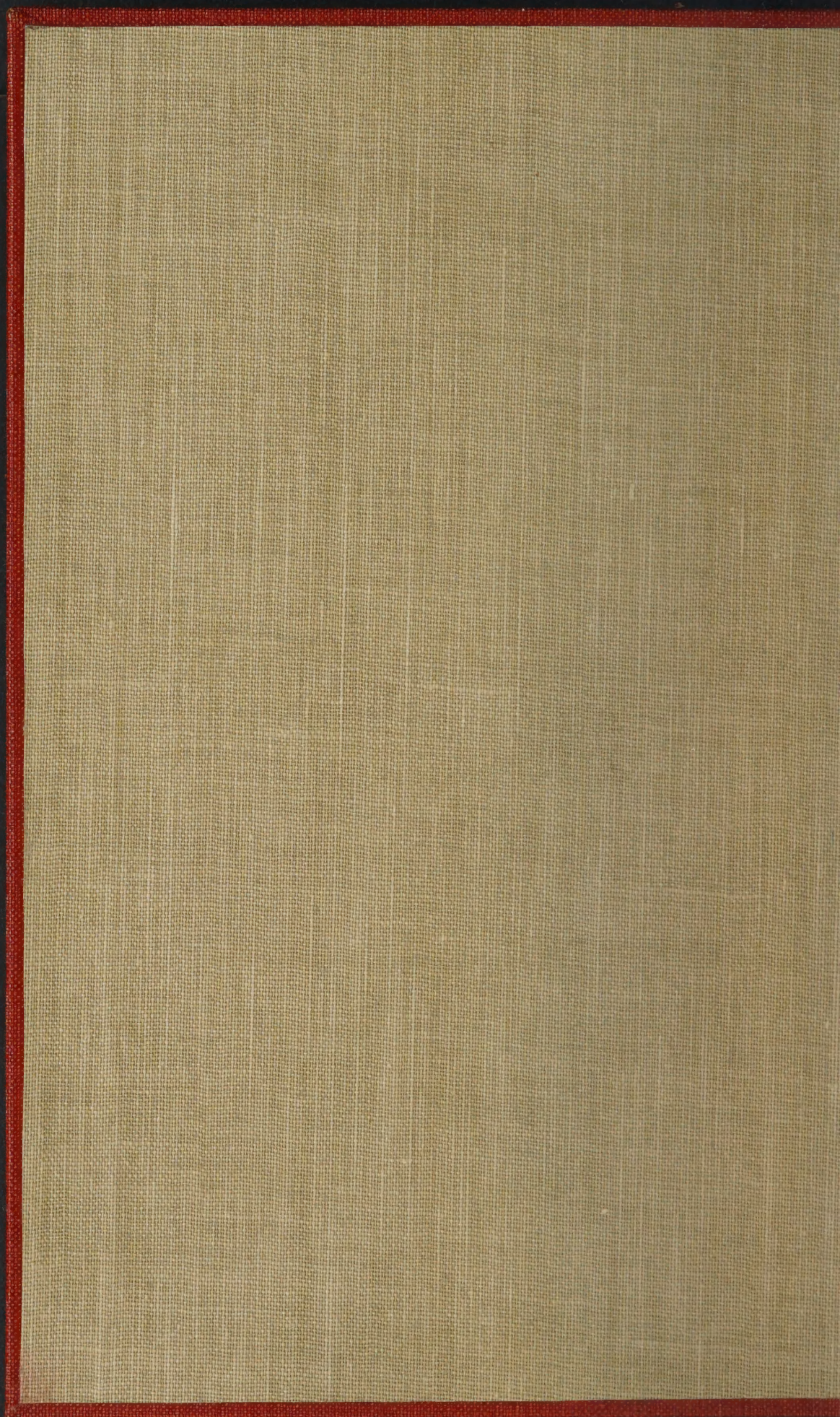
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• CALVERT - COUNT JULIAN-BALTIMORE, 1840 •









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COUNT JULIAN;

A TRAGEDY,

BY

GEORGE H. CALVERT,

TRANSLATOR OF SCHILLER'S 'DON CARLOS.'

BALTIMORE:

N. HICKMAN, 86 BALTIMORE-ST.

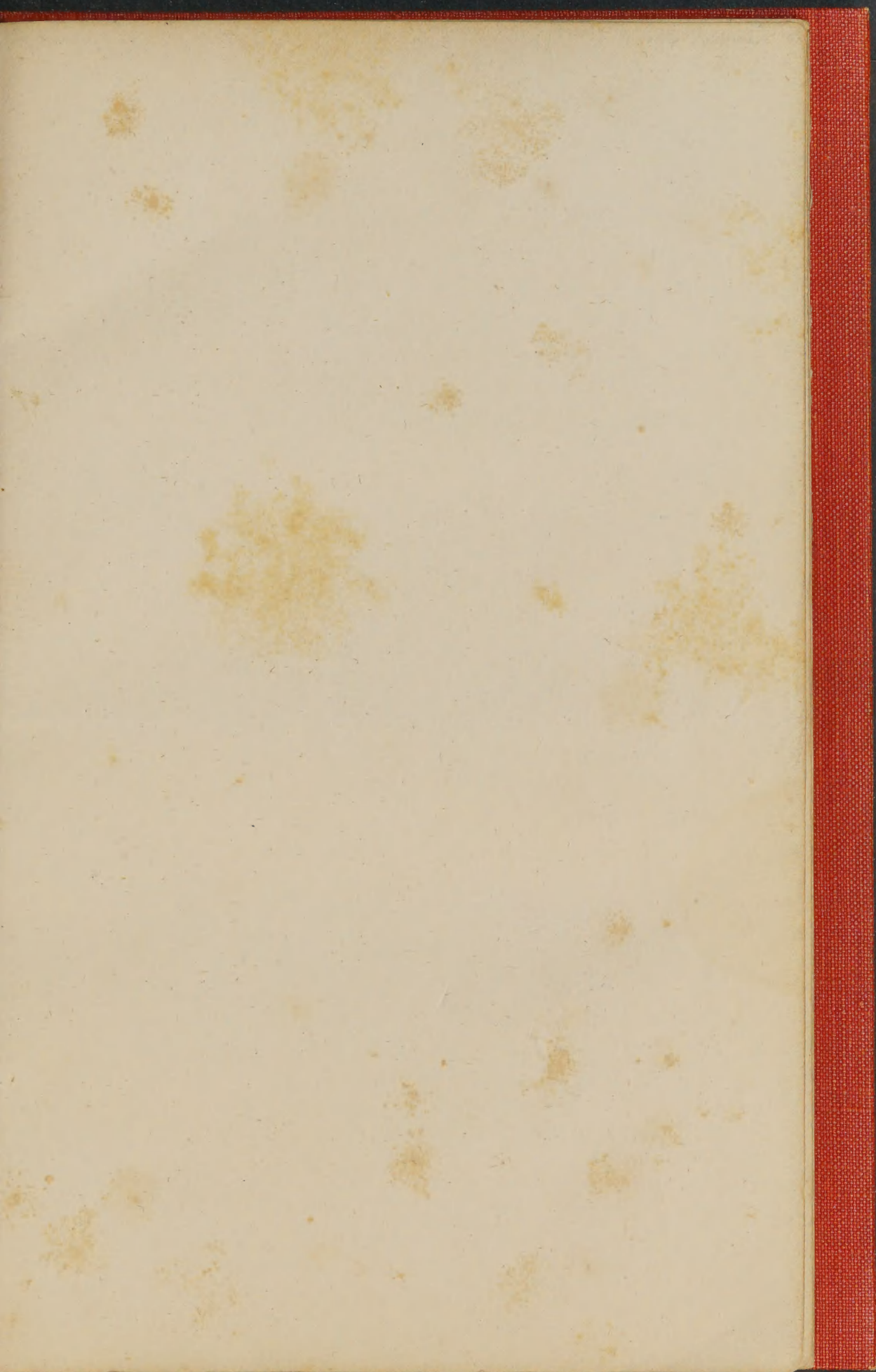
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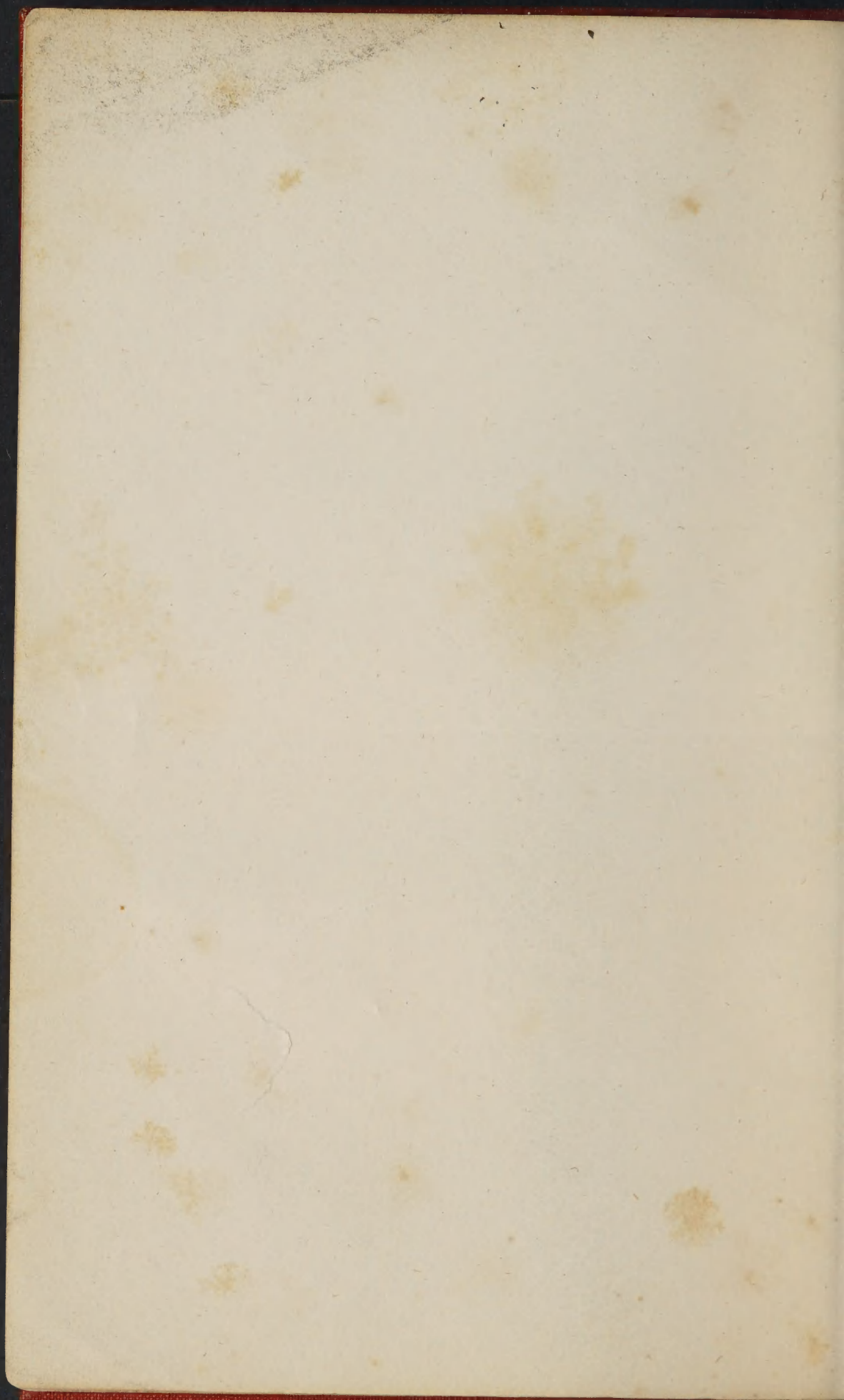
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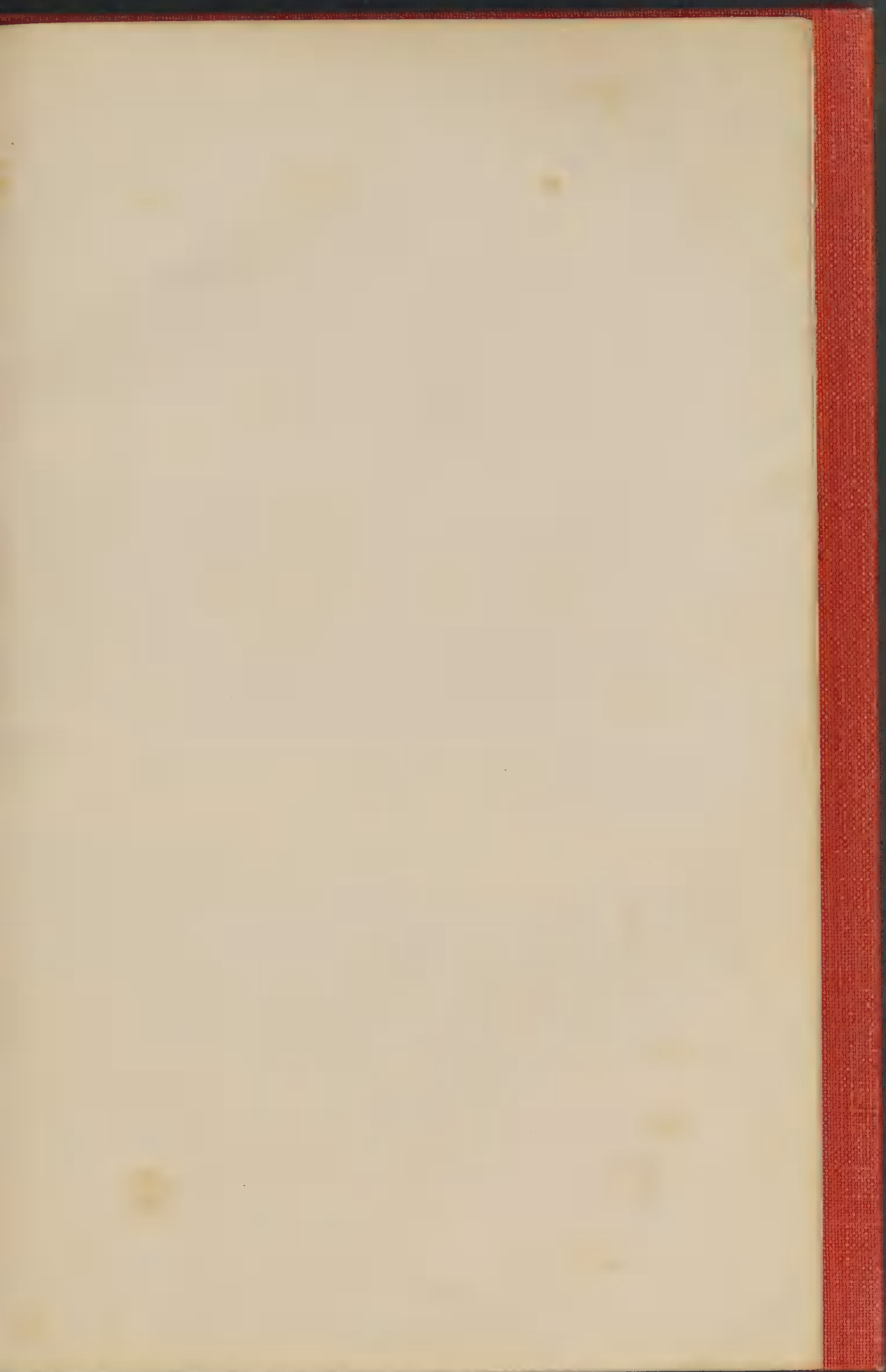
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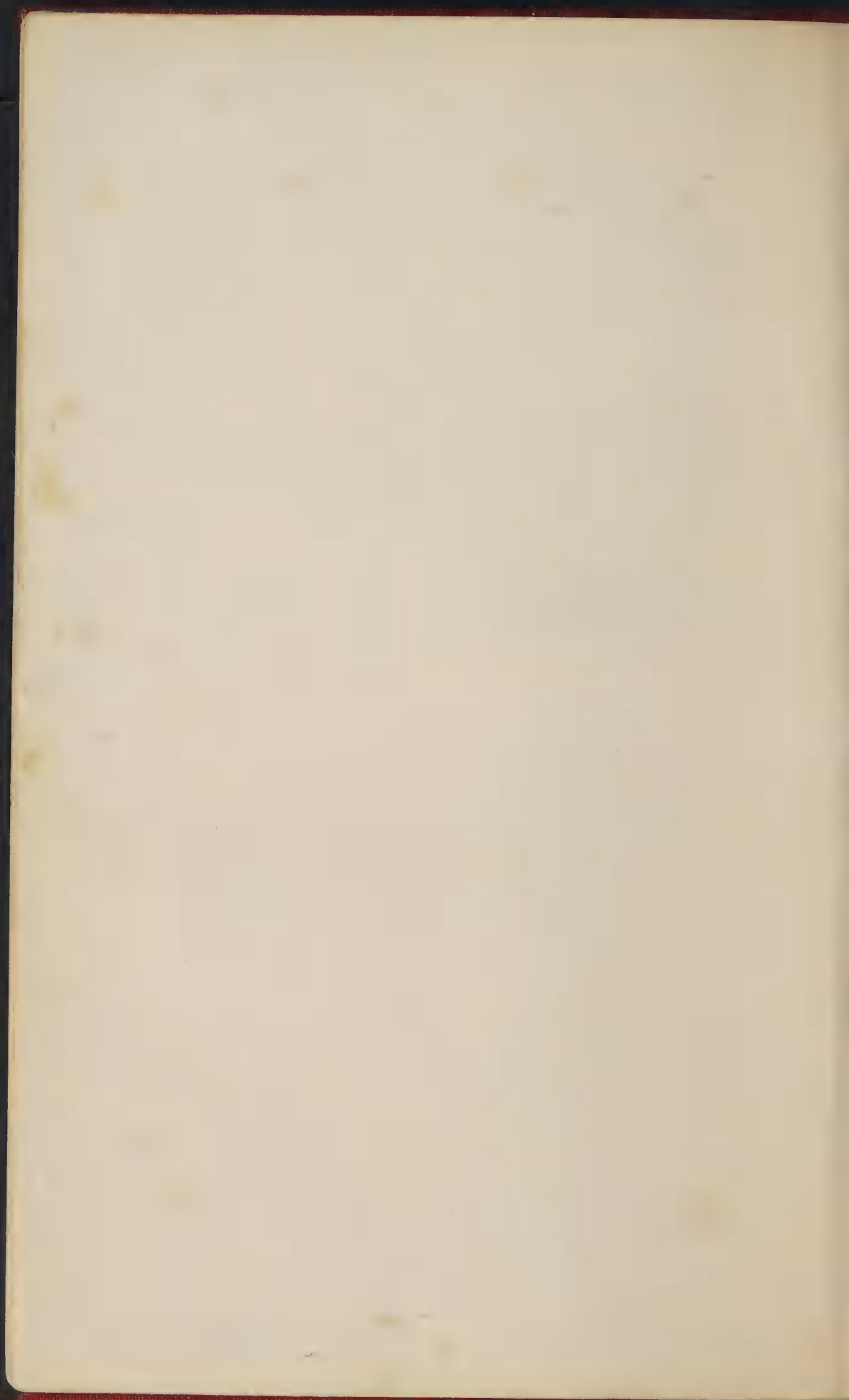
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1840.

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ENTERED according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1840,

By GEORGE H. CALVERT,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

COUNT JULIAN.

COUNTESS, *his Wife.*

RUDOLF, *their Son.*

ADA, *Niece and Ward of Countess.*

RUPERT, *reputed Son of Albrecht.*

ALBRECHT.

MARGARET, *Nurse to Ada.*

KLEBEL, *the Accomplice.*

SCENE,—*Castle of Count Julian, Bavaria, in the
fifteenth century.*



COUNT JULIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

ADA. NURSE.

ADA. You say Count Julian was not always thus?

NURSE. When he was young no face was joyfuller.

ADA. My books would teach me, how, what are at first

The dimpled shadows of a sunny smile,
Harden with years to delving wrinkles; and
I almost feel 'tis so. I laugh not, Nurse,
So much as I was wont.

NURSE. Why dost thou not?

ADA. I know not why. And yet, I would not think
My best of happiness is past. I'd rather
Take from the present than I'd lose my dreams
Of coming good by thinking them but cheats.

NURSE. Think them not so; nor judge the world by
what
This sad house shows.

ADA. And if I would, I could not.
The vision of my broad-wing'd hopes I'll trust

'Gainst the small teachings of my eyes. But, Nurse,
What if Count Rudolf too grow melancholy,
My glad imaginings will hardly keep
Their promises.

NURSE. 'Tis certain then he weds thee?

ADA. My aunt has always told me so.

NURSE. Has he
Yet spoken of his love?

ADA. To me he has not,
But to the Countess often.

NURSE. Would'st thou not
He spake himself?

ADA. 'Tis little that I have
To answer to his mother when she talks
Of marriage to me. My unpractis'd thoughts
Would scarce find words for him. I would he were
My brother.

NURSE. O! I wish he were.

ADA. Why, Nurse,
Thou say'st that with so sad a voice. It was
A childish thought.

NURSE. Thou art a child no longer.

ADA. Thou fright'st me. Do not speak so solemnly.
I still may be a child with thee; for thou
Didst always joy so in my childishness,
That ever when these gloomy walls have spoilt
My lonely play, I've sought thee to renew
Glad thoughts.

NURSE. Sweet child! How thou dost drive away
All sadness from me. O! thus wert thou ever.
Thyself didst make the thoughts wherewith I met
Thy sportiveness or lulled thy little griefs.
I am thy servant only, Ada——

ADA.

Oh!

Thou art my mother. Thou hast nurs'd me, lov'd me,
Watch'd me to sleep; and when I've woke, thy eyes,
As though they'd known no rest, still gazed upon me,
Waiting to lead me through each playful day.
But tell me,—thou hast promis'd me thou would'st,—
What threw me on thy tending? What mischance,
Whose peril thy kind love has turn'd aside,
Made me an orphan e'er I'd known the voice
Of father, mother?

NURSE.

Thine was but, alas!

The lot of many, whose bereavement crowds
The world with misery. Thy father fell
In battle, and thy mother died of grief
For him.

ADA. O! my poor mother!

NURSE.

Thou wert then

An unwean'd infant, sleeping by her side.
'Margaret,' she whisper'd me, 'Thou'lt love my child?'
'Twas her last breath,—and when thou wok'st, thou
cried'st,
To see me weeping over thee.

ADA.

And thou

Hast lov'd me, dearly as I'd been thine own.

NURSE. The Countess, thy brave father's sister, was
Thy natural guardian. Hither she did bring thee
Under her husband's roof to rear thee up
And be a playmate to their son. Thou cam'st
Unto a mournful house.

ADA.

The sudden death

Of the Count's nephew——

NURSE.

Hist! thou must not speak

Of that.

ADA. Ha! wherefore not?

NURSE. I know not wherefore; but
When once, years afterward, I spoke of it,
The Countess sternly chid me, bidding me
Be silent, with such chilling cloudiness,
That since, the recollection of that night
Has weigh'd upon my mind more gloomily.

ADA. What night?

NURSE. When the poor child was lost.

ADA. Was lost?

NURSE. One stormy evening he was miss'd. About
The battlements the wind drove sheets of rain,
Muffling the Castle bell, whose boding rattle
Summon'd the household. All that night and days
And weeks thereafter sought we for him vainly.
Since that the Count has ne'er been seen to smile.
But hither comes the Countess. What I've told thee
Bury it, Ada, in thy secret thoughts.

Enter COUNTESS.

COUNTESS. My son not yet return'd? 'Tis not his
wont

To stay abroad so long. The night falls fast
Upon the forest. Margaret, go, and learn
Whom he took with him to the hunt. (*Exit Nurse.*)
I do

Dread ever some calamity when from
Their even course events turn off.

ADA. Dear aunt,
Your fears are surely idle. Rudolf's prompt
And wary, and rides always well attended.
Nor time nor distance heeds the hunter. Hours
Leap through the day, the stag's fleet footsteps being

Their minutes, till the sun's long shadows mind him
To turn him homeward. Then, with slacken'd pace,
He measures back in weariness the path
He sped o'er in the morning buoyantly.

COUNTESS. To reason, Ada, thy suggestion's sound,
And for a brief half hour at least I will
Subject to it perforce a mother's fears,
Albeit unus'd to reason's mastery.
'Tis meet that thou should'st comfort me, my Ada,
For through thee comes in part my anxiousness.

ADA. What mean you, aunt?

COUNTESS. Why is of late my son
So much addicted to these out-door sports?

ADA. If not from nimbleness and strength of youth
That seek to spend themselves in manly games,
I know not truly.

COUNTESS. 'Tis not this alone,
Dear Ada, that thus sends my Rudolf daily
Abroad for entertainment. Blood that stirs
The quickest yields most gently to love's influence;
And when a true affection meets cold answer——

ADA. I am not cold to Rudolf, aunt. For if
I were 't would be a thankless disobedience
To thy desires 'gainst both my love and duty.

COUNTESS. Sweet Ada, thou art apt as gentle, and
In thee is apprehension quick to light
Compliant will. Therefore, let thy consent
(Whose ready willingness gives my long wishes
A keener edge at once and livelier hope)
Be grac'd with such concurring speech and bearing,
That the thick doubts that now perplex my son
May melt, and leave free to the lightsome joys
Of trusting love his heart.

ADA. I will in all
Obey you, madam. (*A hunting horn heard.*)
COUNTESS. 'Tis Rudolf's horn, and never
Was welcomer its ever welcome sound.
Its blast, methinks, is livelier than is wont.
Or is it but my ear, attun'd, my Ada,
By thy sweet words that gives to it a music.

SCENE II.

COUNTESS. ADA. RUDOLF *and* RUPERT.(*Enter Rudolf followed by Rupert.*)

COUNTESS. Shall I not chide thee, Rudolf?

RUDOLF. That I'm late?

Thank first this my brave comrade, that I'm here
With life.COUNTESS. }
ADA. } With life?RUDOLF. Aye, and as much as you
Do hold its worth, so much you owe to him.COUNTESS. A mother's thankfulness words cannot
speak.I will but use them, gallant youth, to tell thee,
My thanks shall be in deeds. Command me. What
I have or can, whereby to thee or thine,
Service or comfort may be done, shall be
And is at your disposal. Speak, my son,
The manner of thy danger and deliverance.RUDOLF. That can I in few words, and yet the telling
Be not so brief as was the acting self.
My followers, their horses spent, were far

Arear; when I, drawn by the dogs' fresh whimpers,
Urg'd my tir'd steed towards a tangled copse,
Wherein, holding my two best hounds at bay,
A huge boar, panting and blood-sprinkled, stood.
As from my lifted arm sped the true spear,
That for a twelve month had not miss'd its aim,
My hunter falter'd and sank under me.
Untouch'd the madden'd beast shook from his head
The faithful dogs, and furious made at me,
Arm'd only with my sword; when, from a hand
Unseen, a javelin hurl'd, pierc'd his broad flank,
And I, 'stead of the deadly animal,
Met my deliverer.

ADA. It was bravely done.

RUDOLF. Aye, Ada, and most skilfully.

COUNTESS. I ne'er
Shall cease to thank you.

RUPERT. Madam, thank me not.
The shaft I shot but as a sportsman. Thanks,
If any, should be to your son from me,
In that he for me sprang the game I sought.
A moment's pause perhaps had chang'd our lots,
Made him the saver, me the sav'd. Such is
The fortune of the chase.

COUNTESS. As 'tis of life,
Where not our deeds alone, but e'en our wills
Are shap'd oft to their own confounding, and
We're made or marr'd by spiritual circumvention.
Yet thence more precious is the good we snatch.
Wherefore to thee as of our present joy
The instrument we give welcome and thanks
Which time shall ripen. But I do forget

Your weariness. Come, Ada. To tir'd hunters
Our care will be more grateful than our presence.
They long to praise us for our good housewifery.

(Exeunt Countess and Ada.)

RUDOLF. And now, my more than brother of the
chase,

With such refreshment as our this day's toil
Has earn'd,—bracing our strength with liberal cheer,
And smoothing our worn limbs with hunters' sleep,—
Prepare we for the morrow. 'Tis a season
When every day not given to the forest
Is lost to life. The messenger I sent
Has ere this brought his tidings to your home.
Uncumber'd therefore with an anxious thought,
You now are master of your hours. Let's in.

RUPERT. I'll follow you. *(Exit Rudolf.)*

(Rupert alone.)

How easily my eye
Takes in the large proportions of these walls.
Such as I've built them in my wondering mind,
Listening unto my father's lov'd discourse
Of halls and towers, fill now my grasping sight
The broad divisions and high parapets
Of this deep-founded castle. Rather seems
Its frowning form the shadow of my thoughts
Than the true fabric which it is. And this
Majestic lady, in whose courtesy
Relives in words the chisel'd grace about her,
With that fair still companion, shedding round
Her beauty tranquilly,—like a fresh star
New hung in Heaven,—scarcely are they strange
Unto my outward sight, so busily
My fancy has been plied with radiant visions.

SCENE III.

Enter COUNT JULIAN.

COUNT. (*At first not perceiving Rupert.*) My heart
can still be glad. O! what a joy,
To feel that I've known joy again. How sweet
Is this revisiting. Thanks—thanks. Yet not
That my sole child is sav'd to me. O! I
Were thankful rather for bereavement. Loss
Takes from my weight which favour heaps. But there-
fore,
That my shrunk heart hath leapt with its prime life,
And goodness yet hath power to touch me.—Ha!
Arrest this day, young man, in thy time's flight:
Dam up the rushing past with this day's work,
That thence its head thy life-stream's current take.
Make it the parent of thy other days,
That each with a transmitted virtue be
Impregnate. Learn thy might from the one deed.
Thou'st sav'd a human life. On thy arm hung,
With its infinity of consequence,
A fellow's being. Heaven's will seconding,
Thou re-bestow'dst its dearest gift.
Herein thou'rt rarely blest; in opportunity,
And that thou used'st it. In the strong will
That swayed thee to this act of nobleness
There is a potency to make occasions
For good. O! cherish it. And when the fiends
That, hell-commissioned, tend on mortal footsteps,
Watching to bend into a deadly fall
Each faltering, shall lay their poisonous fangs

On thee, invoke thou this day's Genius, and
With its erecting virtue bracing thee
Shake loose their blighting hold.—Take a father's thanks.

RUPERT. A father's thankfulness so magnifies
My simple act, that what I've done to me
Now seems less than it should have been. The worth
Your liberal interpretation wakes,
Chides my slow deed which halts so far behind it.

COUNT. It is the proper quality of virtue
Unto itself to be unknown. The thought
That stirs to weigh the action's excellence,
Beclouds the very fontal head of good,
That thence no clear flow issues, but a foul,
Incapable to hold the light-dy'd image
Of heaven-descending goodness. When th' effect
Is parcel of the deed, with one same act
The doer gives and grasps; and in th' encounter
Of these two opposites, Virtue, that knows
No double bent, confounded, vanishes.

RUPERT. My ear to its best heedfulness is won,
Hearing respoke the wisdom it is used to,
As with discursive speech and pithy comments
My father sweetens each day's toil-earn'd rest.

COUNT. What gives to ag'd discourse its pregnancy
Is mostly the neglected seed, which tells
Of many flowers unpluckt. Thus, early loss
Is sometimes after gain, and age's strength,
Which is in counsel, draws a nourishment
From manhood's impotence. Much of our wisdom
Is but the rattle of deserted shells
Whose kernels scap'd us. We're the fools of Fate,
And even our best knowledge often is

A sour distilment from her richest gifts.

Ah! trust not Fate. Would'st ask a Giant aid thee
To heap a load thyself must single bear?

(*Enter ADA.*)

Ha! Well—what will'st thou?

ADA. (*To Rupert.*) Sir, you're waited for.
The board is spread; and even now you're chid
For absence, in my cousin's thought, who deems,
That from true woodmen, no less quick obedience
Is to the smoking table's summons due,
Than to th' impatient horn, that e'er the sun
Hath touch'd the ready portals of the East,
Hurries from his still bed the dreamy morning.

RUPERT. So happy is the day to me, that I
Forget to note time's ordinate divisions.

COUNT. Like Heav'n-approved blessings may its
spirit

Hover protective o'er thee. Ada, thou
Dost know our sum of obligation: let
Our welcome freely speak acknowledgment,
And predenote our bounty.

ADA. Your commands,
My uncle, shall have full obedience. They
Do make free passage to my inclinations.
For with the thought that but for this brave stranger
A wo unspeakable now rent our house,
Gushes the wish to heap upon his head
Of what we through him still possess,—our all
Of happiness,—as much as openest hands
And joyful'st spirits can impart, and he
Receive.

COUNT. My child, 'tis well.

(*Exit.*)

RUPERT. My act, e'en now
Common and insignificant, has caught
A beauty from thy words ; and art thou what
Thou look'st, must have a value ; for a soul
Thus fair could by naught worthless be so touch'd.

ADA. What suddenly thus moves you?

RUPERT. I have heard,
There is a creed, that this our corporal frame
Is only one of many tenements,
Wherein th' eternal spirit for a time
Resides, in transitory lodgment ; and
That in each state of thrall, although subdued
Unto its habitation's quality,
Yet has its glimpses of a former being.
More momentary and untraceable
Than earthly memories, a flash, that strove
To snatch me to the past, but now, as I
Beheld thee, did enwrap my brain in light.
'Tis gone, and vainly in thy visage, whence
It seem'd to break, I seek its birth to trace.
But to your cousin's summons ; I shall mar
My welcome, if we further stretch his patience.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

COUNTESS, *alone.*

'GAINST men we vindicate by blood our rights ;
And who does not is a poor slave whose bondage
'Twere weakness to compassionate. Why not
'Gainst Fortune wage like war, and seize our own ?
Me she has cheated,—lest injustice be
Fate's law ; and is it, that which made me know
What justice is, commands me to exact it.
Oppression is not thence more light, because
Its source is unassailable ; but that
It is, and thereby we in our self-righting
Divested are of a chief due of justice,
Revenge,—for this, in the retributing
May we with freer hand carve for ourselves.
For me the first of womanly lots was markt,—
On love's soft wings to win a lofty seat.
With love I'd been contented, and above me
Unheeded had ambition's clangor rung.
Wrench'd from my bosom was the hearted hope,
And I was nearly blest, only to be
Completely curst. The one deep-tinted flower,
The woman's blossom, folding in its heart
Her being's fragrance, harshly and with scorn
Was plucked. I was unsex'd. Haste flooded quick

My soul's drain'd passages, capacious made
By warm affection's motion, and with wrath
I conquer'd what with love I ought to have own'd.
My husband should have been my husband's brother,
And I;—but wherefore from their sleepless tomb
Call now the spectre of my murder'd hopes.
Berobb'd, I did regasp the little part
Of my great loss; and this far-looking castle
Is token of my wrongs and my redress.

(Enter RUDOLF equipt for the chase.)

What, Rudolf, to the woods again alone?

RUDOLF. Aye, mother. My new comrade will not
with me.

He'd rather talk to-day of deeds than do them.
And by my soul, but he does pitch his words
As featly as his spear. This fresh morn's prime
I've squander'd, listening his so clear discourse,
Whose free and winnow'd phrase approves his say,
That he and his a higher state have known.
I have committed him the while to Ada,
With charge that so his senses she will surfeit
Upon the sights and wonders of the castle,
That his to-morrow's wishes may be outward,
And I shall find him eager for the chase.
He's company for Nimrod.

COUNTESS. Stay, my son,
At home to-day.

RUDOLF. Ride with me to the hunt
To-day, dear mother.

COUNTESS. What dost mean?

RUDOLF. Why, mother,
You compass your content within. My pleasure

I find abroad. For us to counterchange
Intents, were viciously to thwart desire,
Upon whose even satisfaction hangs
The day's enjoyment.

COUNTESS. Thankless boy! Is this
Your use of parent-suckt instruction, me
To mock with wordy subtleties? Show me
'Tis for your good or truly for your pleasure,
And I will with you, following to-day,
The thousandth day, your steps, against my comfort.
But like the toil that, tilling precious grain
Cultures the weeds that choke it, worse than wasted
Are mothers' pains on an ungrateful child.

RUDOLF. You teach me anger by your wrong rebuke.
Why for each small refusal will you chide me
For black ingratitude? Lightly I answer'd
A light request.

COUNTESS. Thence easier to be granted.
But to the heedless every thing is light.
And so you have his service for your sport,
'Twould scarce obstruct you to behold the sun
Back to the Orient his arch'd motion bend
Convulsive.—Portents to make dumb the wise
And take from the expert all faculty,
Are to th' unthinking transient spectacles;
While hours that he deems passive fractions only
Of a diurnal unit, to th' observant
Are potent ministers from Time's abysm
Uplifted to o'er-rule a life.—
Well, go.

RUDOLF. Nay mother,——

COUNTESS. No: my wish has died
In th' asking.

RUDOLF. Let my willingness revive it.

COUNTESS. It were not granted by a forced consent.

RUDOLF. Your thought, whate'er it was, more capable

Will find me now to give it satisfaction,
Than if my duty at the first had shone
Becomingly. I have a fault to mend.

COUNTESS. Rudolf, you knew my thought. But
follow now

Your bent. Instant fruition is of youth
The natural happiness. The living present,
Unladen from the past, bounds under you.
But we who bear time's load should sometimes cast
Athwart your path the shadow of our burden,
Foretokening the future.—Go, my son :
I'll not detain you. But return betimes.
Let not another night bring to your mother
A double gloom.

RUDOLF. The sun shall light me home. (*Exit.*)

COUNTESS. (*Alone.*) 'Tis so; and I did cast beyond
my mark,

When under the same roof I sought to weave
Between these two the strongest tie in nature.
Affection now the soul of both so fills
There is no room for love. For love is curious,
And, palling on familiarity,
Is fed by ignorance. They should apart
Have lived, till the first flush of womanhood
Had dyed her beauty.—Yet have I their words,
Which quickly must by act be ratified,
While still,—their hearts' deep'st secret unreveal'd
To them,—they can believe themselves prepar'd

To sign together the great bond of marriage.
My stewardship must not be called to account.
Ada is dower'd like a princess, rich
From nature, and withall pliant to my will.
Wisdom to choose whose choice were limitless
More fitly could not match my son. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A Park near the Castle.

ADA. RUPERT.

ADA. 'Tis strange the huntsman's music had not
sooner
Led thitherward your quick pursuing footsteps.

RUPERT. The forest guards itself with vastness. I
But range its skirts, snatching brief hours from toil,
Wherewith I am assistant to my father,
Who often chides me that I will not give
Days to the forest, sighing as he tells me,
I was not born to such hard labour.

ADA. Wherefore
This chiding heed you not?

RUPERT. That higher state
By him reported, I ne'er knew. The distance
'Twixt our condition and our birth, which clogs
His life, have I unconsciously o'erleapt.
The tyranny of custom which to him
Makes wearisome our lot lights it to me.

ADA. Nor can you learn aught of your first condition?

RUPERT. When of my birth I've questioned him,
his answers

With varying purport have been fraught; my words
Now seeming to upstir dark memories,
And now tow'rd's the dim future his wak'd thought
Directing, when, as on some smiling vision
His look were bent, he'll gaze entranc'd awhile,
And then his countenance all suddenly
Will fall, as though what wrought him so had faded.
But me he never satisfies.

ADA. 'Tis strange!
But O! you were not born to lowness. I
Am skillless in the human visage; but
On thine Heaven has so plainly writ its favour,
I need no usage to peruse it right.
It is a wisdom quickly learnt, they say,
To foresee ill. Send we while yet we have them,
Our hopes before us. On their ray-strewn path
We shall pass by much adverse circumstance
That else had fronted us.

RUPERT. Almost I wish
A coil of hopeless thoughts around my heart
Were wrapt, that I might know the blessedness
To hav't unwound by thy soft words, whose sounds,
Like choicest music in the silent night,
Take from the mind all sense of darkness.

ADA. Think you
That we too shall grow wise and melancholy?

RUPERT. Nay; wisdom is not so bethrall'd to sadness.
Contentment's gladdening presence ne'er my heart
So filled as in this hour; and yet, methinks,
With every moment of 't I do grow wiser.

ADA. So heedful are you, I would play the mistress,
To teach so apt a learner: but in truth,

Our life here in the Castle is so mute
And with the world so uncommunicative,
I am but poorly stor'd for such a part.

RUPERT. Speak only.—In a wild spot of the forest,
Deep-set in unbruised verdure, is a spring,
Whereon the farthest stars a resting place
Do make in their still visits to the earth.
By its own motion ever full and pure,
No drop of the clear waters (in whose depths
The numerous eyes of Heaven bathe them brighter)
But it contains sweet nourishment. E'en so
Each gentle word that issues from your lips,
Where'er it falls spreads bloom and fruitfulness.

ADA. I best should please myself by silence, if
With such persuasion you would move me break it.
But see where comes my uncle.

(Enter at a distance COUNT JULIAN.)

COUNT. Help me strong Heaven! Fixt in the rot-
ting earth

Where guilt its victim sinks, thy freshening airs,
E'en they, as when they rock a stranded ship,
Shake me to quicker ruin. Thoughts that were wont
To come to sport them with mine innocence
Bewail or sting me now. O! what a pit
The mind is, wherein beams of upper light,
Like angels hovering near Hell, but enter
To set in writhing motion a hideous darkness. *(Exit.)*

RUPERT. Something so weighs upon his soul, it turns
The necessary pulses of his heart
To throbs of anguish. Strangely were his words,
When first he met me, shar'd twixt gloom and kindness.
Know you the cause of his so sore oppression?

ADA. The unknown death, I've heard, of a dear nephew.

'Twas ere I came, an infant, to the castle.
I never saw him smile, or ope his mind
To customary calls. He walks about
In bland and speechless sadness, as he were
A moving sepulchre of carved earth
Consecrate to the dead, and not a form
Partaking of our life. Your coming hither,
With the dear cause thereof, has wrought him to
Unwonted utterance. See, he returns.

(*Re-enter COUNT.*)

RUPERT. Let us accost him.

COUNT. Ha! you are not gone.

You must not go. You will not? Why you shall
Here riot in youth's wealth, sweet liberty.
Beware it squander not itself. For though
Upon the brow of youth freedom sits thron'd
As in an angel's seat, behind it crouch
Of malice-grinning devils a keen pack,
Which the free function of the reaching arm
Subtly so sway, that when we think to grasp
A golden ornament, ourselves engird
With a coarse bond, which round the labouring brain
With every movement tightens, till at last,
The weight-oppressed faculties benumb'd,
The very will itself suffers a palsy.
Yet you:—no, no:—You they cannot benet.
No, no:—'tis not a universal curse.
Were no white innocence, guilt were not black.
'Tis herein lies the guilty's curse:—they've miss'd
A possible blessedness.—No more: no more.—
My gentle Ada.

ADA. Sir! Sir!

COUNT. In thy face
Is nature's beauty painted in fresh tints
As delicate as virgin blossomings.
Thy temper-sweeten'd blood spends evenly
Its ripening current. Thy desires are like
Dew-freshen'd flowers, that looking heavenward
Shed still their fragrance on the neighbour earth.—
Thy friendly ministerings are register'd.
I will remember them. I will: I will. (*Exit.*)

RUPERT. How grief arrays itself, coming from him.
Sorrow is so familiar in his bosom,
It takes unscann'd possession of its chambers;
And from their healthy services so wrests
The gathering mind's internal instruments,
That every thought and image from without,
Even of loveliest things, is ground to food
For bitter self-communing. 'Tis a trouble
Infects the very soul, that can thus freight
Syllables of such sweet sound with jarring moans.

ADA. You've loos'd his heart; and as from its stirr'd
depths
(Whence till to-day flow'd but a rill of life)
The grief-beladen waves on the strange shore
Of words have broken, my new joy did tremble,
Lest midst the breathings of his tenderness,
From the deep'st recess of his soul should leap
A frightful secret.—I know not what to feel.
Light shoots through the black cloud, that o'er our house
Slumbering so long, has quench'd our daily life
With an unceasing shade. Yet, fearfuller
Than its dull stillness is its sullen motion.

A chill fear stifles a fluttering hope ;
As in the mourning watcher's heart to whom
The heavy features of reputed death
Lighten with life anew. O! speak to me.

RUPERT. Be not thy tender soul assail'd by dread.
Guilt's scowling mate he is. And do the angels
Love earthly sights, Heav'n's vault but now was hung
With smiles, as thy soul-shaken uncle started
From the dark current of his inmost thoughts
To picture thy twinn'd beauty. 'Twas as when
The storm's harsh discord suddenly is wrought
By Æol's magic harp to tearful music.
His words to thee bespoke a world of thanks ;
To his rack'd spirit thou'st been a daily balm.
Heaven pities him through thee, electing thee
Its minister to win him from despair.

ADA. You mark'd his joy when here he found you
still,
And what an earnestness was in his voice
As he besought you stay. O! go not hence.
I dread your going ; and being gone, I dread
The having then the wish you had not come.

RUPERT. Go hence! Naught could beget in me the
wish,—
Not even your command, how quick so e'er
Obey'd.

ADA. I thank you for your willingness.
So great a boon I never asked before.
'Tis sweet to have a prayer so freely granted.

RUPERT. Speak but thy wish ; and if or hand or
thought
Can compass it, my sinews and my brain

Shall crack, or thou be satisfied. Or let
A sign but distantly denote thy will
And all my powers shall leap before thy path
To greet thee as thou go'st with every hope's
Fulfilment. O! what a joy-crowning task,
Forethinking thy sweet thoughts, to celebrate
Each wish's birth with its accomplishment.

ADA. Pardon my tears. This hour has been so full
And sudden. I could listen to you still.
But follow we my uncle: 't will so soothe
His harrow'd heart to know you will not hence.

(Exeunt.)

(Enter COUNTESS.)

COUNTESS. So liberal of her presence? Palm to
palm?

Poor child! Ere thy quick senses have drunk in
The maddening poison, I must pluck thee back.—
Will then no plan move smoothly to its end?
Impediments rise ever in my path.
Aye but they rise only to be thrust down.
Young man, come not 'twixt me and a fixt purpose.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

COUNT JULIAN *and* COUNTESS.

COUNTESS. Your sickly conscience feeds a traitor's life.

Is it not monstrous, we being what we are,
And he what he is, we should live in fear
Of him?

COUNT. I pity him more than I fear.

COUNTESS. Julian, O! be a man. Pity the villain
Who tow'rds you stretches one base hand for gold,
And dare with th' other shake above your brow
The hissing brand of infamy!

COUNT. O! Bertha,
What's infamy?

COUNTESS. My husband! My son's father!
Thyself of unstain'd ancestors the son!

COUNT. No tie have I on earth but one,—to thee
And him,—the bond of guilt. Thou art my wife,
But ere thou wert, my father's son and I
Were brothers. Give me back my brother——

COUNTESS. Julian,
What talkest thou? Thou dost know thy brother died——

COUNT. And thereby made me father to his son.
That boy were now a man.—O! I am not

My brother's brother;—nor myself. That deed
Unmade me which unbrother'd me; for since,
I have not hop'd, or lov'd, or had a wish
In common with my fellow-men; but life
Has been to me one dreary memory,
Which as I near my grave doth grow more clear,
As though the past were there to be the present.

COUNTESS. Thou did'st it not. Thou but consented
to——

And——

COUNT. What's the hand that strikes? As innocent
As is the steel it holds. O! I could wash
My hands. But thoughts that move th' opposeless will,
Take from its deeds the hues that colour them
Till what is done shall be undone.

COUNTESS. Brood not
My husband, ever thus upon the past.
Our very lives are built of right and wrong.
'Tis passion makes the motion of the world,
And thus bids darkness alternate with day.
The good thou'st done weighs heavier 'gainst the ill
Than in the account of common men, whose smiles
Reflect the world's esteem.

COUNT. Thou art too subtle.
No more.—That letter answer as thou lik'st.
But Bertha,—he must not come hither. Once
Thou know'st he came. He must not come again.
(Exit.)

COUNTESS, *alone.*

I am rebuk'd by his dejected state;
And were there for the poison of remorse
No antidote, I should be sick at heart.—

To right me, I but used the power he used
To wrong me. All a woman has to give
I gave,—my love. Boldly I launched my hopes.
O! the remembrance breaks upon my soul
Like the free far off sound of revelry
On the wall'd convict's ear,—He blasted them!
He for whose sake they grew,—who made them bloom,
And nursed them so with art, that nature seem'd
O'erfraught with ripeness:—he for whom I op'd
The treasure of a maid's first wishes, and
In my lone hours thought of with bridal thoughts.—
The breath of love that to my unseal'd breast
Had wafted such rich seed of joy and hope
Grew to a howling tempest. On the wreck
He'd made he smil'd.—Count Hermann, give me back
What thou took'st from me—and thy son shall live.
Death balk'd my vengeance. Both died: but left a
son.—

Dare Klebel thus defy me? than am I
Joint victim of a deed whose consequence
Is burden'd with an everlasting fear.
He must be dealt with sternly. Treachery
He knows were self destruction, for the which
He has no stomach; and he shall know too,
That threats may be as dangerous. *(Exit.)*

SCENE II.

NURSE, *alone.*

Her mother trusted me, and I am bound
By hearty promises to cherish her.
And yet, what can I further? When I've seen

She had no other than a sister's joy
In Rudolf's company, I did rejoice.
'Twas a short-sighted joy. If she must wed him:—
O! in a loveless marriage her pure heart
Will break or wither:—if she must, her love
Had blest herself, and his so common nature
Perhaps had from its warmth some brightness caught.
She comes. With what a gait the light-limb'd child
Steps into womanhood.

(Enter ADA and falls on her neck.)

What hast thou Ada? Whence this gush of tears?

ADA. I've heard such words.

NURSE. From whom?

ADA. My uncle.

NURSE. *(Eagerly.)* Ha!

What said he?

ADA. Naught distinctly. 'Twas as if
His heart held audible converse with itself.
And what it utter'd were not meant for ears,
So terrible and wild the wo-fraught sounds.
And then he turn'd to me, and words he spake,
So full of love, so tender and so solemn,
That terror calm'd to awe: and then he left us.

NURSE. Who heard him else?

ADA. Rupert, the stranger, whom
He will not let depart, holding his ear
With speech most strangely mingled.

(Enter COUNTESS.)

Leave us awhile—*(to the nurse.)* *(Exit Nurse.)*

Ada, that thou hast been
In all the offices of love my child,
So swells my foster'd wish to call thee daughter

By holier title, that each hour since thou
Gav'st free consent to bless me with this right
Seems robbing us of rightful happiness.
I come to name thy nuptial day.

ADA. Not now ;

O! no, dear aunt, not now.

COUNTESS. And why not now ?

ADA. My thoughts are not familiar yet with marriage.
I'm still so young :—this is too sudden.

COUNTESS. Ada,

This modesty, the graceful badge of youth,
Would well become thee, had not habit smooth'd
The path for thee from maidenhood to wifehood.
Happier art thou than many of thy years
Who do with unaccustom'd strangers wed,
Rashly surrendering their virgin rights,
Induc'd by some one of the countless needs
To which our vext estate is liable ;
Or greenly cheated by the wheedling shows
Of tongue or form, us women's bane. But thou,
No rude necessity hath wrench'd thy will
To hasty resolution ; partial fortune
For thee has made conjunct all circumstances
Which do illuminate the marriage rite.
Thy vows will crown a whole life's expectation ;
So that the future will but be the past
With deeper colours dy'd, the child's gay sports
Exalted to the joys of womanhood.
The titles, husband, wife, 'twixt thee and Rudolf
Will be the natural flowers of ripe affection.

ADA. Wife—husband—

COUNTESS. Wherefore with such tristful mien
Dost thou re-sound these love-born epithets,—

The symbols of this loose world's harmony,
And echoes to that fruitful voice which through
Rude nature's everlasting discord sends
Perpetual music.

ADA. Madam, I beseech you,
Hold me not bound by undeliberate words.
I cannot wed your son.

COUNTESS. Ha! child, dost know
What, who, and where thou art? Are reverence,
Authority and custom all extinct,
And girls' caprices in the world ascendant?
Thy breach of faith dost think will make a breach
In nature's rule?

ADA. O! speak not to me thus.
I am not worth your anger.

COUNTESS. Ada, I
Have shar'd on thee my love. Thou wast so early
And dearly on my lonely stem engrafted,
That every pulse of my maternal heart,
Fully to thee as to my body's fruit,
Perfecting nourishment propell'd. To me
This double growth it was a double blessing;
For on the present joy hope built a higher;
And thou, my daily comfort, shone afar
A coming solace in that dim decline,
When disappointments, like deferred duns
Or sharks about a wreck, troup at the close.
In thee I was to triumph over fear,
And flout at cozening hope, made whole through thee
For multiplied defraudments. Wilt thou now,
When the rich hour is nigh to which slow time,
On wings storm-drench'd or faint with anxious toil,

Hath lifted me,—wilt thou from this high moment
Down hurl me, snatching from my outstretch'd arms
All that my mother's heart long years hath yearn'd for.
Thou can'st not,—thou whom I have help to climb
From infancy to exulting womanhood—
Me thou wilt not hurl back, in one hard instant
Rending my breast with the tempestuous ebb
Of years! My gentle child, thou wilt not?—Speak.

ADA. Mother! Thy child has need of thee. Look
down

From thy calm resting place. Breathe on me here
The spirit of thy love. Make fruitful now
Thy blessing,—all Heav'n will'd me have on earth
From thee. Ye Heavens, who teach us pity, let
An orphan's prayer mount up to your high precincts
And touch a mother's ear.

COUNTESS. Look hither, Ada;

I am your mother.

ADA. I'm alone.

COUNTESS. Dear child,

Have I not cherish'd thee? What hast thou wanted?

ADA. I owe you much; more than I can requite.
I knew not how much till to-day.

COUNTESS. Thou can'st

Re-pay a hundred fold.

ADA. And by the act

Make worthless what should give it value.

COUNTESS. Ada,

Thou'rt not what thou hast been.

ADA. I am a woman;

And I should wrong my mother and myself,
Did I not know my rights of womanhood.

COUNTESS. Is faithlessness one of thy new found rights?

ADA. Reproach me not: I merit no reproaches.

(*Going.*)

COUNTESS. Ada,———Ada! (*Exit Ada.*) She has a will,——

I have one too. Margaret.

(*Enter NURSE.*)

Say to Count Rudolf,

I would speak with him in my chamber. (*Exit.*)

NURSE. (*Alone.*) The air is black and thick about this house.

O! my soft child, must thou confront a tempest?

Well, I believe the good, they suffer least.

One friend too thou shalt have. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

Hall of the Castle.

RUPERT, *alone.*

My senses are alert: I do not dream.

Nay, sleep my passive brain did never throng

With thoughts and images so manifold

As now perplex my open faculties;

Nor ardent dawn e'er melted from my soul

A lovelier vision than circumfluent here

Makes lustrous my free mind. This verdant earth,

It is a cloud, whereon with winged feet

I float tow'ds Heav'n, and all my senses seem

The inlets to unearthly harmonies.

Ha! she approaches. Eyes and ears, dilate
To their widest compass your quick ministering powers,
That I my craving heart may feed with beauty
Out-lustering all that Fancy's richest forage
In her abounding realms e'er captur'd. How
Each of her comings, like the orient sun,
Outruns the expectation; and her going
Leaves after it a radiance which bedims
All other splendours, till she re-appears
With fresher wonders circled.

(Enter ADA.)

Thou look'st sad.

A stain of tears is on thy cheek. O! if
Or word or act of mine,—nay, all whence springs
The motion of my tongue or arm might help
To smooth one print of sorrow from thy heart,
I would believe my life by Heav'n had been
Specially shap'd, and with fresh thankfulness
My parents I would thank for their soft nurture.

(Ada advances to him and falls on his neck.)

Ye Powers, that swaying with your unseen hands
Our daily life, have blest me with this moment,
Make me to know its blessedness. O! let
Your choicest influence shine on my heart.
Lend me your strength. Purge from my soul all foulness,
That faithfully it image this bright being
That in it lies here now and evermore.
Look up; whilst thou upon my bosom restedst,
Was I in Heav'n, praying for worth to cherish thee.

ADA. Thou lov'st me.

RUPERT.

Can this extacy be spoken?

The currents of my being stream tow'rd's thee.
The past comes dancing back to look at thee.

ADA. I did not know that one could be so happy.

RUPERT. It is so full this bliss, so rich, so clear,
That unsubstantial seem all bygone joys.
Till now I have but wrought in lifeless dreams.
I wake, as our first sire from his first sleep,
To find the earth alive with thee. Thou peoplest
My soul.

ADA. They are not strange to me thy features.
How aptly have my eyes already learnt them,
As something they had note of. I do think
Thou hast been nestled in my folded heart,
Which now being blown, thou hast walk'd forth, and
stand'st
Without me, yet part of myself.

RUPERT. My thoughts
Grow rich upon thy voice. By its dear sound
My soul is stirr'd, as oaks by Heaven's breathing,
When from the freshen'd leaf, life answering life,
Swells joyous Nature's vernal melody.

ADA. Where didst thou learn such flattering speech?

RUPERT. From thee.
Beholding thee, my raptur'd senses strive,
Like the quick echo wak'd by music's joy,
To give thee back some fragments of thy beauty.

(Enter NURSE, hurriedly.)

NURSE. Ada, I've sought thee everywhere.

ADA. Me! wherefore?
Ah! quick, and let thy words unloose the trouble
That struggles in thy looks.

NURSE. 'Tis for thy ear—

ADA. My ears are his, my senses all, my heart;
Myself am his: he is my plighted husband.

NURSE. Ha!

ADA. Give thy wonder scope, but not thy
censure.

NURSE. Can I unteach my heart?—Yet this seems
sudden.

ADA. And so it is. Still:—Nay, why should it not
be?

How sudden was the act that brought him hither?
The half its virtue was its suddenness;
Wanting the which, the other half had lain
An unspent treasure in his breast; and so,
About our roof the wonted gloom had thicken'd,
Which now as by Heaven's fulgent bow is spann'd,
He being our sun, that with his gushing light,
Swiftly in our hearts gladness paints himself.
How sudden in their birth the world's best beauties,
The colours and the fragrances that steep
The tranced senses in their loveliness.
The morn, how rapidly it decks the earth;
The day's majestic fall, how quick it blooms:
And e'er the swelling thoughts have loos'd the spell
Of this great wonder, yet another's born,
And sudden night its mystic life reveals.
And sorrow too,—death's viewless messengers
Speed it with arrowy haste. A sudden shriek,
Riving a warrior's widow's heart, and I
Was parentless. Ev'n now, thyself, whose smiles
Upon my life have shed an hourly blessing,
Com'st hurrying to me, of a pang the bringer.
O! shall my grief be sudden, and not my joy?

NURSE. Thy will was ever so direct and free,
That I will not believe it wanders now.

But this the burthen of my message doubles.
The Countess has commanded me to make
Immediate preparation for your marriage—

ADA. Thou com'st not from her now?

NURSE. This instant, and
Now seek Count Rudolf.

ADA. Scarce an hour is past
Since I, with th' earnestness of fast intent,
Told her I could not wed her son.

NURSE. Already
She has the dispensation from the church.

ADA. Am I a slave?—She would not.—She shall
not.

Rather than this I'd hack my features, spoil me :
Drugs will I drink to shrivel up my flesh :
My wealth I'll give to beggars. I'll deform me
Into abhorr'd proportions, but I'll shun
This hated contract. O'er myself I have
Some power still. I'll use it so, to make me
Be loath'd where now I'm cherish'd.

RUPERT. Thou should'st be
A hero's bride. Dares Danger so approach thee?
Ha! how like a flush'd demon does he gleam,
His rugged visage glistening in thy brightness!
O! my heart beats t' embrace him. When we part,
Or, back to his grim den shall he flee howling,
Or, where he glares glare grimmer with my blood.
O! think not I'm a braggart. But that thou
Shouldst suffer violence,—the thought thereof
So fires my will, that deeds seem naught but slaves
To resolution. Yet, it cannot be.
The elements will stir against the outrage.

Heav'n will not see its fairest image stain'd,
And thunder not an interdict. A being
Select,—so beautiful, so delicate.
The hunger-maddened wolf would give her way,
His savageness subdued by her sweet aspect.

NURSE. Thy soul shines in thy speech. Ada, take
heart:

Thou toldst me of thy uncle's tender words,—

RUPERT. I heard them: all his soul was on his
tongue,

Which trembled with its load. Aye, he will shield her.

NURSE. Who comes this way? 'Tis Rudolf.

RUPERT. I'll confront him—

ADA. Nay, I beseech you, leave me with him: I
Would speak with him alone.—Nay, grant me this.

(Exit Rupert.)

(Enter RUDOLF.)

RUDOLF. Musing, my gentle cousin?

NURSE. The Countess, sir,
Desires your presence in her chamber.

RUDOLF. Say,
I will be with her straight. *(Exit Nurse.)*

Good morrow, Ada;
You seem to hold some treasure in your thoughts
Which you would count alone. *(Going.)*

ADA. Rudolf, did I
E'er do thee injury?

RUDOLF. Thou! Injury!

ADA. Did I e'er thwart thy aims, or balk thee, or
In aught come twixt thee and thy purposes?

RUDOLF. Thou wouldst be answer'd: Well, my
answers leap

Back o'er the heads of these thy solemn questions.
Thou never didst, in word, deed, look, or thought,
(For that I'll swear to too,) harm, thwart or cross me ;
But hast been ever eager to o'erfill
My wishes, and my griefs to lighten,—aye,—
And now I'll bruise thy conscience,—I protest,
My mischief oft has thriven on thy goodness.

ADA. And thou to me wast always kind. Thou
would'st not

Do me a harm.

RUDOLF. Now by my soul I would not.

ADA. Thou know'st thy mother's wishes for our
marriage.

RUDOLF. Aye ; and she thinks this is enough to know.
But I,—

ADA. But thou ; thou thinkst 'tis not enough.
Fie on thee Cousin Rudolf ; thou believ'st
That I could plot against thy freedom ? I,
Who even in thy sports, thou say'st, ne'er crosst thee ?

RUDOLF. Well, thou'rt a faithful girl. The Countess,
Ada,
Has set her mind on this.

ADA. Thou art a man.

RUDOLF. That's true.

ADA. Thou hast the privilege of choice.

RUDOLF. And so I have.

ADA. Were it that thy desires
Went with thy mother's, this were not to choose ;
For thou no other maid than me hast seen
Since thou art come to manhood.

RUDOLF. 'Tis most true,
Most true. How well thou reasonest 'gainst thyself.

ADA. Nay, not against myself, but for us both.

RUDOLF. I marvel I have never seen it thus.
To be more than a child and less than man
Were a most weak condition. If I'm ripe
For marriage, my maturity is strong
For self-direction. What's a man bereft
Of manhood's rights? Better to be a beast,
And want the might of reason, than to hold it
For others' empire. Thou'lt stand by me Ada?

ADA. Most steadfastly.

RUDOLF. Now to my mother. I
Will speak to her as fits my manhood. (*Exit.*)

ADA. (*Alone.*) The earth seems firmer now; the
sky looks fairer.

Desert me not, ye wholesome ministers,
That sweep on heaven-furnish'd wings about us.
Be still attendant in my loneliness.
Hover around my perilous way. (*Exit.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

COUNTESS, *alone.*

OUR weaknesses are like neglected debts,
Wherewith Time heaps up loads that press us most
When we are most in need. Now would I have
The mother's strength which I've so fondly wasted.
Only on this I count; Rudolf knows not
To th' full, how feeble is the parent's sway,
When blind affection leads authority.

(Enter RUDOLF.)

RUDOLF. Mother, I'm come upon your bidding.

COUNTESS.

Rudolf,

I'm glad you're come; and yet, so full of fears
Are mother's thoughts, that reason-prov'd desires
Shrink from their aim, and wisest wishes falter,
When in the treacherous bosom of the future
Sleeps their fulfilment. Rudolf, you and Ada
Are now of age.

RUDOLF. And our majority
We just now solemniz'd. We have agreed,
That to be cousins is a tie as strong
As we desire to have us bound withal.

COUNTESS. I err'd then when I said, both are of age.
She is a woman: thou art still a boy.

RUDOLF. How so?

COUNTESS. 'Tis the child's office to be rul'd.

RUDOLF. Mother, you speak in riddles.

COUNTESS. Thou hast seen her
Tire of a doll and fondle a new toy?
'Twas the girl's lesson for the woman's practice.

RUDOLF. You do not think—

COUNTESS. Where was your new companion?
His skill perhaps had serv'd you also here.
Or was it Ada he deem'd most in straights,—
Whom he would rescue from Count Rudolf's fangs?

RUDOLF. (*aside.*) By Heav'n, I saw him leave her
as I enter'd.

COUNTESS. Belike he is some knight itinerant
Bent on high exploits of benevolence.

RUDOLF. If I believ'd—

COUNTESS. Believe yourself a boy,
Rupert a man, and Ada a shrewd woman,
Who knows the difference.

RUDOLF. He would not dare,—

COUNTESS. Not dare?—Rudolf, I am asham'd of
thee

That in thy veins my blood does course so tamely?
Not dare! What will a man not dare for beauty?
Who feels his manly destiny, will brave
Earth, Heav'n,—aye Hell itself although it gape
Against the consummation of his love,
For the rich joy that woman lavishes.
Not dare! He has a soul for proud achievement
This youth, whoe'er he be. To such a one,
Tough opposition is the lion's hunger,
Stinging his mettle to o'erbearing fierceness.

RUDOLF. Mother, I have been weak. I would forget
I have been, but that of the shame thereof
I'd make a rude remembrancer.

COUNTESS. My son,
You have not known yourself. Does the suggestion
Of a love-stirr'd aberance from her duty
Cast such alarm into your flagging thoughts?
What had you heard she were another's? Think—
But that you cannot. Loss must weigh itself.
Imagination dives into the future ;
But only pictures thence can she bring up,
Which of the treasures or the horrors there
Give no more knowledge, than the storm-cloud's shadow
Gives of the coming desolation. We
Can only know what we have felt.—Rudolf,
You recollect your sportful jealousy
(Sportful as you believ'd, but I saw deeper)
When Count Von Alten, but a month gone by,
Proffer'd to Ada his fame-blazon'd son,
Or choice 'mongst all the prime nobility,
If she would with him to th' Imperial court,
To maze it with her beauty. You were stung
With jealous fear ev'n at the distant danger,—
For such I noted well you felt it was.
'Tis now afront of you. The thing itself,
Whose far-off image frightened you, is here,
Dogging your heels and hideous with dishonour.
A churl beards the Count Rudolf in his hall,
A nameless rustic—

RUDOLF. Mother, say no more.
To-morrow he shall hence.

COUNTESS. I'll leave you now :
You are yourself again.

RUDOLF. (*Alone.*) Ada is trustful.
This fellow's bearing captivates the eye.
He is so open and so calm ; and then,
His modesty is so with frankness blent ;
It has no taint of low humility.
Women are all capricious, and they have
Such quenchless appetites for what is hidden,
They'll love a man to know his mystery. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Park, near the Castle ; Evening.

COUNT JULIAN, *alone.*

For me there is no greeting on God's earth.
They know me, and their lustral beauties veil
At my approach, the bounteous shows that make
Man's home a Paradise to th' innocent.
The sweetening changes dance their endless round ;
But from their choral ring they banish me,
Doom'd to behold all things, loos'd by time's touch,
Sweep on in ceaseless motion, moveless I,
By my own act enfetter'd to one thought.
Ye stars, from your immeasurable fields,
Where orderly ye now enrank yourselves
To work your heavenly tasks, do ye espy me ?
Ye look as ye were whispering of my shame.
Or have ye 'mongst yourselves unwholesome mates,
Whose shining fronts are soil'd by noisome breath,
That, swelling in their bosoms, shatters them,
Hurling them forth, self-wrench'd from their high seats,

To grope in irrecoverable gloom,
Disorb'd, as I am.—Thou art exorable,
O! thou, who fram'dst our brains so fearfully.
Thou would'st not give man vigour for a crime
For which were no atonement. O! thy ban
Take from my tortur'd soul. Darkness and light
Sway equally in thy sun-furnish'd world.
Night leagu'd with tempest cannot crush the day.
There is no day in me. O! my pent soul,
It is a mouthless den, where swarms a brood
Of murk-engender'd thoughts, that sting and howl
About their prison-walls. Command thy law
To do its mighty hests; that not forever
The sea of light break baffled on my heart.
Let in thy mercy.—I can bear no more.—
My brain will burst.

*(During the latter part of this soliloquy ADA and
RUPERT have entered.)*

ADA. My heart will break with his. O! let's away.
'Twere cruelty to add our little griefs
To the great sum of his. O! but for pity,
My blood at this dread sight would chill and stop.
Some other time we'll speak to him; not now.

RUPERT. For his sake stir not. 'Twere worst cruelty
To leave him thus. See how he struggles.

COUNT JULIAN. Down,
Down: lower, lower: on,—no pause, no pause.
I'm heavy enough; I'm made to sink: down, down.
I'll thank you too.—'Tis very dark,—O! O!

RUPERT. I am a man made of the clay that he is.—
O! Ada, speak to him. His soul will smother
In its own hell.

ADA. Uncle!

COUNT JULIAN. That voice,——sweet voice?

ADA. Uncle—Uncle!

COUNT. (*Staring at Rupert.*) Ha!—Brother—Brother—

ADA. Uncle, 'tis I, your Ada.

COUNT. Ada!

Where are we?

ADA. In the park, sir: this is Rupert.

COUNT. Aye—yes—I know him now.

ADA. You were asleep,
Here on the bench.

COUNT. Asleep!—and you have wak'd me?

ADA. Yes, sir: I've come to ask a favour of you.

COUNT. Of me? Can I do any one a service?

ADA. One that will make me love you even more
Than now I do. Count Rudolf and myself
Have long been in my aunt's desires contracted;
And now that we are both of age;—you frown:—

COUNT. It must not be: it must not be: no, no.
Not you to son of mine.

ADA. O! my dear uncle;
'Twas this I came to ask of you, that you
Will not consent to what the Countess orders.

COUNT. Against your wish? Ha! violence again!
Summon them hither both. I am Count Julian.

This castle is not theirs, nor this domain.

'Tis Hell's;—but I'm the tenant,—that I am.

You know it not:—there's one that knows it: two, two.
Ada, beware that woman.

RUPERT. Pray you, sir,
Let us go in: the night is damp.

COUNT.

Ah! Rupert!

My noble boy: 'twas you sav'd Rudolf's life.
I cannot thank you for it: yet, 'tis well.
You did your best. 'Twas a great deed.—
How was it? Have you more such? Give me one.
O! could I save a life, I'd laugh again.
What joy you made that day in Heaven.
I cannot give: God will not let me give:
He has forbid it, long ago. But could I,
I'd give to thee my blessing.—When you wed,
Your wife be poor in wishes, that from you
Her longings she may learn; and rich in love,
That elsewhere than in you she may not seek
To mend her wishes' poverty. Be she
Of bounded dispositions, that her thoughts
Your o'er-aspiring thoughts may check; and yet,
Of liberal mind, that if at any time
Into yourself too much you turn your gifts,
Her warmth may thaw the selfish mood; her strength
Not spent to lead your will, but husbanded
To temper it.—Ada, thy husband be
One capable to know thee as thou art,
And knowing thee, loves thee for being thyself.
Such love such knowledge following, will prove
Worth equal thy deserts, if such there be.
And what a victory were such a mating!
But thou unfitly match'd! O! 'twere a discord
To grate on angels' ears, and a defeat
Of Nature's cunningest design.—
Let us go in: the night is damp. Come, come.
Let us go in.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

A Room in the Castle. Night.

Enter NURSE, and ALBRECHT disguised.

NURSE. What would you with me?—Who are you?—

(ALBRECHT throws off his disguise.)

Albrecht!

ALBRECHT. Wipe that reproachful horror from your looks.

Margaret, I'm guiltless:—I'm most strangely wrong'd.

NURSE. Are you? That night,—the child?—

ALBRECHT. He lives.

NURSE. He lives!

ALBRECHT. Another was suborn'd to take his life!

NURSE. Ha!—Klebel?

ALBRECHT. Aye, the same; brought to the castle
For that most heinous crime.

NURSE. O! my suspicions!

But you, you sav'd him?

ALBRECHT. Listen to my tale.—

I knew the Countess' hatred of the child,
A hate born of the lust of power venom'd
By baffled vengeance, good Count Herman's son
Being the inheritor of his estates,
And bar to her soul-rooted greed of wealth.
My fears for th' orphan,—in whose strengthening life
His guardians daily saw the widening grave
Of their heart-blighting hopes,—yet darker grew
When Klebel here appear'd, of whom already

I knew some ill. More closely still I watch'd.
I noted his caresses of the boy,
The Countess' jealous looks and restless bearing,
Count Julian's moody silence. On that night,
Which in this house's calendar so black
Is markt, Klebel I saw, else no one near,
Entice the child into the park, and thence,
The low clouds shrouding them in early darkness,
Snatching him in his arms, haste tow'rs the stream.
I follow'd swift.—'Foul murderer,' I cried,
When I had near'd him. On his guilty ear
My voice like an unearthly summons fell.
Quickly the child slid from his side, as he,
Halting, turn'd him to front me. 'Hir'd assassin,
Give up thy victim.' 'Not with life,' he answer'd,
'And thy first motion one step nearer drives
My sword into his heart.' I paus'd, to threat,
To beg, to stir his pity, to defy,
To tempt his avarice. All seem'd in vain.
At last, finding that now his sordid stake
More safely he could win without the murder,
He yielded. By an oath I bound myself
To twenty years of secrecy. Thus he
The bargain'd act's reward would reap,
And I its infamy.—More bounding joy
Mother ne'er had than I when round my neck
The rescu'd boy's tight-clasping arms I felt.
How through that storm I strode. For weeks I paus'd
not,
Till Rumor's faintest tongue was far behind me.
Never was act so recompens'd. I'd sav'd,
Not my old master's child alone, but one

Of God's selectest creatures. As he grew,
The infant's smiles flower'd to sympathy
With truth and goodness; the quick eye of boyhood
To grasping apprehension wax'd. My task was,
Ever with nature's movement to keep pace.
For Art's high'st function is t' interpret Nature,
Potent where she is fruitful, impotent
Where barren, and in every effort subject
To her deep laws, which daily she asserts,
Giving the peasant virtue, beauty, strength,
To shame the prince's vileness. He was one
In whose unfolding was so sweetly bared
Nature's fine mystery, that 't was a lesson
Where love helpt art its subtle duty learn.
Now shone the cunning virtue is in thrift.
My little gatherings, when secretary
To 'th Count, swell'd to a teeming treasure. Where
Myself came short, I bought instruction, storing
His clean and roomy mind with choicest knowledge,
And mingling with high thoughts toil's healthful uses.
'Tis now four months,—my hoard some time being spent,
And the term near of my sworn secrecy,—
I've liv'd a few leagues distant from the castle.—

NURSE. Is the boy with you?

ALBRECHT. He's an inmate here.

NURSE. Ha!

ALBRECHT. The youth Rupert is Count Herman's
son.—

How safest he may claim his rights we'll talk of,
But go you now and send him quickly hither.

NURSE. O! my dear Ada! (Exit.)

ALBRECHT. (Alone.) Twixt youth and manhood
there's a gulf, which some

Pass over smoothly : others, tempest-rockt,
Upon the wish'd-for shore are cast young wrecks.
Rupert is amply furnish'd for the trial.
Henceforth he rules himself; for wisest words
From others' lips, upon the ear of youth
When passion's trancing music freshly sounds,
Are like the calm stream's murmur vanishing
Beneath the torrent's leap. 'Tis much, if when
The storm is past, enough of light is left
To paint its triumph on the silenc'd clouds :
But only he the sign of peace can see,
About whose head has been the angry conflict.

(Enter RUPERT.)

RUPERT. My father!

ALBRECHT. My dear Rupert!

RUPERT. Pardon me

My absence. O! sir, how I've long'd to see you;
And yet, I could not hence. In these few days
I have liv'd years;—or rather I have liv'd;
For all the past a shallow masking seems.
But now, in the great deep itself I move,
And life heaves round me with bewildering billows,
Where my soul shifts from awe to extacy.

ALBRECHT. What hast thou, Rupert? Never have
I seen
Thy eye so kindled.

RUPERT. O! 't is with a fire
Which thou canst quench forever with a word.
Yet must I hear it, though it blast me. Father,
My birth;—unveil to me that mystery.
If that the truth crouch writhing in the grasp
Of foulest sin, shrieking infectious curses,

I'll face it. Since I know how blest I may be,
My fears have put on frightful shapes, and check
With bodements my fleet hopes. Dreams, where my
joys

Are multiplied in sleep's confineless realms,
By wails sounding from mouldering graves are scar'd.
But were they not, these horrent images,
Which haunt me thus, still must I know the truth.
O speak: I've school'd myself to hear the worst.

ALBRECHT. Thy fears then vanish. Spotless is thy
name.

Thy parents knew not what dishonour is.
Not for a blot attainting them or thee
Has thy condition been a secret kept,
But for thy safety 'gainst the arts of others.

RUPERT. Methinks I now could do a deed of great-
ness;

Or if beneath my lifted weapon cower'd
A treacherous foe, I could forgive and bless him.
My spirits stretch into the pliant air
To find them room for their enfranchis'd wills.—
O! my dear father, pardon those my thoughts;
They breath'd not on my love; and when my fears
Were lowest, 'twas my comfort there to have
A brightness which not foulest blasts could dim.—
O! thou hast suffer'd for my sake.

ALBRECHT. As one
Who fear'd the loss of his chief good. Through thee
My daily draught of life has been so sweet,
I dread some weighty evil is in store,
To mete to me my scant'd share of wo.—
But now the night is hastening to its noon.

We both need rest. Send the good Margaret to me.
She will provide me with a secret couch.
Seek me at dawn, and I'll unfold to thee,
Wherefore it must be secret, and all else
Of thy deep-hidden history.—Good night.

RUPERT. And I have much to tell to thee. Good
night.

ALBRECHT. Good night. *(Exit Rupert.)*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Room in the Castle. Morning.

RUPERT, *alone.*

THEY were not baseless then those visions, and
What seem'd importunate imaginings,
Were suppliant children of true memory.—
Here was I cradled.—Yesterday, a guest,
Chance-thrown within these haughty towers;—now,
Their wondering master; while houseless and stript
Wake they who this night slept securely 'neath them.—
What are our wills, if thus from wealth to want,
From life to death we're toss'd? Our boldest thoughts,—
Like aims to thwart the elemental courses,—
Recoil to crush us, when their purposes
Are counter to the mind whence th' elements
Their movement and our brains their action draw.
But what is counter?—I am little read
In th' occult book of life; yet I believe,
We then are safest, when our thought bear least
The burthen of our own necessities;
But if within ourselves our wishes end,
The heart will fester in its uncropt grossness.
Can we not make our life a constant giving,
And by the purging flow so clean thus keep us,

That, like the sword-proof angels, we may walk
Quite unassailable?—If this could be?—
O! uncle, what a chastisement is thine!
I'll lay the fiends, that hissing from th' abyss
Whence I was snatcht, have stung thee near to madness.
The planner of the monstrous deed, will she
Feel too releas'd to learn 'twas left undone?
And Rudolf?—But with him I'll share what most
He values. Happily he prizes not
The richest treasure.—Hither he comes.

(Enter RUDOLF.)

RUDOLF. Well, Rupert; still no tidings from your
father?

RUPERT. Aye, and of strangest import.

RUDOLF. He desires
Your quick return?

RUPERT. Not so.

RUDOLF. He's a kind father,
To let you play so long and he at work.

RUPERT. Kind is he truly; and were I to waste
In trivial sport time which on him lay heavy
With labour's yoke, I should approve myself
A spendthrift of his bounty. I have told you,
That not by birth our present lot we have,—

RUDOLF. And I believe it, on my word I do.—
But come, I've order'd horses, and myself
A league or so will hold you company,
Your father, I am sure, misses you much.

RUPERT. I look to see him here.

RUDOLF. (*Aside.*) I am a fool
To think with hints to pierce this rustic's hide.
None but a gentleman can understand

A gentleman. I must speak broader to him.—
That for the service you have done me, Rupert,
I ever shall be mindful, you may judge
From proof you have already of my nature,
Having here treated you, an unknown stranger,
As you had been my equal. This should end,
Being unsuited to our differing ranks.
'Tis fit that you return now to your home.
Here is a well-fill'd purse, and here a ring,
Which keep as token of my recollection
Of our first meeting.

RUPERT. That should give the token
Its worth is wanting. For the gold, if I
Were poor, I could not take it. Deeds there are
From man to man which, till you coin the soul,
Cannot be made of marketable value.
For my intent here to remain, to-morrow
I'll give you reasons shall content you fully. (*Going.*)

RUDOLF. Intent—to-morrow!—Young man, yet a
word.
Within the hour see that you quit the castle.
This I command: your part is to obey.
The mischief done by kindness I'll undo.

RUPERT. Count Rudolf, if by birth you claim to rule
me,
Know, I'm your equal.

RUDOLF. Ha!—I will believe you.
Now answer with your sword the wrong you've done
me. (*Draws.*)

RUPERT. If I have wrong'd you, I submit myself
Unto your will to take due reparation.
In one scale set the wrong: I on the other

Will heap all that I have, or can, or am,
My body, limb by limb, until stern Justice,
Holding the balance, shall cry out, 'Enough,
The wrong is lifted.'—But my sword I wear
For other service.

RUDOLF. Nimble-tongu'd impostor,
The blade I drew as 'gainst a worthy foe
I'll use it as a rod for chastisement. (*Strikes him.*)

RUPERT. (*Quickly drawing.*) Now parry for your
life. (*They fight.*)

NURSE. (*Rushing in.*) Help! Help! within there,
Help! Help! (*Attendants run in and part them.*)

Rudolf, you know not what you do.

RUPERT. Some other time.

RUDOLF. (*Aside to Rupert.*) Meet me a half hour
hence.

Without the castle gate. We'll seek a spot
Where we shall be unhinder'd.

RUPERT. I'll not fail you.
(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

COUNT JULIAN and COUNTESS.

COUNTESS. 'Tis nature's ordinance, that plenteous
age
Should lend its wisdom to unfurnish'd youth.

COUNT. Let not your wishes flatter you to think
That wisdom which but feeds their staunchless hunger.

COUNTESS. But here the fitness is so palpable.

COUNT. Not so, not so. We know not what is fit.
We have one only duty, you and I—
To suffer, and be thankful that our days
So much are lengthen'd, that long misery
May suage the poison in our fester'd souls.

COUNTESS. Yet are we parents. Rudolf is our son,
Ada our ward: they claim from us some duties.

COUNT. Leave them to God. He bids the thunder
hush;
He holds the earth due on in its swift path;
He fails not to replenish the vast sun
With procreant life:—think you he will neglect them?
Once we made bold to clutch his rushing wheel.
O day of wo! With clean unshackled hands
We reap'd a smiting curse.—Hold in—hold in—
Lest we infect our dearest with our pangs.

COUNTESS. I will protect my child. He is not strong
For guidance or defence. He has not had
The dues of education from his father.

COUNT. O! I am not a man to teach a son.
I dare not trust my thoughts to mould my will:—
I have no will: I have but only fears.

COUNTESS. The past is past: let it be past: 'tis not.
Shall one hour's act make slaves of all our years?
I will command each day. If wrath's above me,
I'll bide it: let it fall. But while I've life
I'll live. I still will do. Naught done shall shake me.
I was myself then when I did that deed:
Now I'm myself and mistress of the hour.

COUNT. Have done—have done.—Bertha, I have a
hope.

COUNTESS. What hope?

COUNT. Klebel.

COUNTESS. Klebel?

COUNT. What answer made he?

Will he come? I must see him.

COUNTESS. Klebel's dead.

COUNT. Ha!—No: dead!—He's not dead: he
would not die.

That were too much.—Ah!—

COUNTESS. And with my fear
Is buried all my hate of him.—Rouse ye
From this unmanly stupor. I'm a woman,
And therefore privileg'd to whine; yet I
Should scorn myself, if having chose my part,
I blench'd at ghosts of the successful act.

COUNT. Bertha, by our first loves, I do conjure thee—
Tell me,—now truly tell me,—is he dead?

COUNTESS. If a base villain's mocking threats can
stir me
To quit me of a life which perils mine;
If gold can hire sure hands to do my bidding:
And poison's function be not spent, he is.

COUNT. Monster, hide thee, lest nature's visage pale
At sight of so much sin, and all things feminine
Deny their sex in horror of thy deeds.
Thou art some hideous demon banish'd Hell
For thy too devilish doings.—O! just Heaven,
Wherefore was I with such a creature mated?
Till her I knew I was a crimeless man.
Why was her body not bespotted foul
In concord with her hearts' black loathsomeness,
That men might shun her as of God accurs'd?

Fiend—hag—unnatural,—unutterable—
Language has not yet coin'd the words to name thee.
In the wide universe thou stood'st alone,
Till with thy serpent wiles thou snarest me.
Since that malignant hour my soul has wither'd;
Nature's sweet sap has ceas'd to flow within me,
My senses apoplext, and shifting thought,
Which brings to healthy man from outward things
Such various food, to cheer and fortify,
In me is fixt in inward contemplation,
Till my drear mind is mad by staring at
Its own deformity. Now hear me, Heaven!
Is't true there's virtue in the upright's blessing—
Let then be potent too the wicked's curse.

COUNTESS. Ah! Do not curse me.

COUNT. Grant me one full moment.

Let the lost vigor of my deathlike life
Centre in th' instant, my long-palsied tongue
Burst its blank silence with core-blighting words,
While in her ear I howl a husband's curse.
Hurl me as here I stand into Hell's deep,
If in one gaze I may coil my life's torture,
And parting strike her with a blasting look.
—Ah! What have I done?—She is my wife:
Our breath has mingled in confiding sleep:
We've joy'd together o'er an infant's birth.
I do unsay my words: would I could pray.—
Bertha, we will not part: but let us go.
The earth is tir'd of us: our graves are ready:
They're side by side. Come, come, we're waited for.

(Exit.)

COUNTESS. (*Alone.*) I had not thought to see this day. Ah me!

Bend, O! bend, my proud will, lest I be crush'd.

There have been instants when a spot of light

Has twinkled fore me beckoning as 'twould save,

But quickly it was swallow'd in thick gloom.

O! whence should come to me a gleam of hope?

I've forfeited humanity's first right.

Have I a soul?—The soul they say dies not.

Then may it purge itself.—I will begin.

Henceforth I'll be as though this stubborn body

With all its greedy wants were not.—Ill try.

(*As in going off she raises her eyes they rest on KLEBEL who has just entered.*)

Klebel!

KLEBEL. Is this your welcome of a friend?

COUNTESS. Rather than here would we had met in Hell.

KLEBEL. That's not a place for us to speak of.

COUNTESS. (*Aside.*) Villain.

KLEBEL. I am not come t' upbraid you. We'll leave quarrelling

To those who've naught to lose. Yet 'twas not grateful.

COUNTESS. You shall be satisfied; but leave me now.

KLEBEL. You know me for a man will not be balkt.

COUNTESS. But a few moments, and I'll meet you here.

KLEBEL. Let them be few, for I must hence to-night.
(*Exit.*)

COUNTESS. (*Alone.*) Who dares to call me guilty?
I but heave

Fore my defenceless breast a woman's strength,
To fend me 'gainst man's selfish God-arm'd might.
What a soft fool was I just now. Bold villain,
I thank thee—thou hast made me whole again.
But say thy prayers.—O! how the prompt spirits leap,
When the brac'd mind is set for utmost action.
Wo to who stay me. I sway Ruin's scythe.
I'll mount Death's horse and gallop to my end.
Spring to my side again, Hate, Fear, Revenge,
And lash me if I flag. And ye, black Powers,
That prowl the earth scenting for mischief, aid me.
Wher'ere on this huge rack we call the earth,
Strong men, o'ercome by fortune, gasp in death,
With desperate deeds unfinish'd, haste ye, and beg them
Make me the heir to all their frustrate hopes,
That piling their great wrongs on mine, I may
Stride to my purpose drest in grimmest terrors.—
Enough of words: acts now. *(Exit.)*

SCENE III.

*The Same.**Enter ADA.*

Mad—mad:—O! dear old man. O! such a sight
I shall be swallow'd in this great wreck's whirl.
The earth had just begun to smile,—and now
A gulf yawns near me. What shuddering accents
Break from his soul:—I dare not listen to them.

(Enter RUPERT.)

Ah! Rupert!

RUPERT. My dear Ada! what hast thou?

ADA. My uncle!

RUPERT. Well, how fares he?

ADA. Worse and worse.

O! his soul bleeds to death: naught can now stanch it.

His mind is rushing out, and with it come

Such terrible revelations. Even to you

I cannot speak of what his frenzy utter'd.

RUPERT. Thou need'st not: I know all. Be comforted.

The root of his long ill I'll pluck away:

I'll quell his raging fever with a word.

His nephew, whose plann'd murder racks his soul,

Was from th' assassin's clutches snatcht, and lives.

ADA. O! blessed word. O! Joy has chose thy tongue

For his bright harbinger.

RUPERT. Still swell thy joy,

For know,—what I've just learnt,—I am that nephew.

ADA. Thou!

RUPERT. For our joy at this discovery

We will hereafter find rich utterance.

Time presses now, and I have much to act.

ADA. The Countess, knows she of all this?

RUPERT. Not yet,

Nor must not for a time, till are devis'd

Sure means to baffle her worst will. Now part we,

I'll seek you soon again.

ADA. O! day of wonders. (*Exit.*)

RUPERT. (*Alone.*) And now to Rudolf; 'tis our time of meeting.

Fortune keeps pace with Justice for my good.
How apt the parting; else had my chaf'd blood
Wreakt a remorseful vengeance for that insult.
He's weak of fence, and when I have disarm'd him—
Which easily I shall, he cannot choose
But hear me. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter KLEBEL.

Would I were hence. I like not her last look.
'Twas a rash step to come. O! what gross dolts,
To lend ourselves the tools of others' passions.
We who're at best the victims of our own.
Dare she, she'll slake her hate in my heart's blood.
Herein I lack of her fierce quality,
Else had I prosper'd better.—Ha! Count Rudolf.

(Enter RUDOLF.)

RUDOLF. The bold intruder:—if alive he 'scape——

KLEBEL. Ah! my fears. (*As Rudolf is going off he
seizes his arm*) Whither so fast, Count Rudolf?

RUDOLF. Villain, unhand me.

KLEBEL. Villain! on this spot
Who dares to call me villain?

RUDOLF. Wretch, what mean you?

KLEBEL. If I'm a villain with what fouler word
Shall I your mother stamp?

RUDOLF. My mother!

KLEBEL. Aye.

Of that dark crime the lesser part was mine;
The uglier half was hers.

RUDOLF. Shameless liar!

Thy slanderous tongue has hiss'd its last black lie.

Hence from the earth to seek thy mates in hell.

KLEBEL. Hold back—thou'rt young—thou know'st
not what a fury

Governs a desperate man.

RUDOLF. But thou shalt know

What wrath wakes in a slander'd mother's son.

(They fight, Rudolf falls behind the scenes.)

O! I'm slain.

KLEBEL. *(Staggering in.)* Blood at last.—I'm sorely
wounded.

O! what an end! *(Sinks on the ground.)*

COUNTESS. *(Behind the scenes.)* Where, where is he?

KLEBEL. Ha! 'tis she.

COUNTESS. *(Rushes in with Rudolf's sword in her
hand.)*

Ha! Caitiff—blood-hound—Hast thou but one life?

A hundred could not feed my vast revenge.

Take thy last pang from me, thou faithless dog.

(Stabs him.)

KLEBEL. My curses on you.—I have breath—to tell
you—

The child—I spar'd him—he lives.

RUDOLF. *(Behind the scenes.)* Mother! O! Mother!

COUNTESS. Ah! *(Rushes out.)*

SCENE V.

Enter RUPERT, ADA, NURSE, ALBRECHT, and Attendants.

RUPERT. Rudolf slain!—who lies here?

ALBRECHT. 'Tis he, 'tis Klebel.

NURSE. Klebel!

ALBRECHT. It must be he that slew Count Rudolf,
And has in turn from him receiv'd his death.

KLEBEL. From the Countess. (*Dies.*)

ALBRECHT. Ha!— (*He approaches Klebel.*)
He'll never speak again.

(*A shriek heard behind the scenes.*)

RUPERT. Whence came that cry?

(*Enter a female Attendant.*)

ATTENDANT. O! horror! O! the Countess!

RUPERT. What of her?

ATTENDANT. She is dead. Ere we could stay her
She struck her bosom with a sword she held,
And falling on Count Rudolf's corpse, she died.

RUPERT. In this Heav'n speaks its doom with awful
voice.

Death strikes here like a wrath-enchaf'd avenger,
Amazing our weak souls with ghastly sights!—
Unto these prostrate ones we will perform,
With thoughts unquestioning, our human duties:
And then, the rites of sepulture discharg'd,
Of these raz'd walls we'll make to them a tomb;
That jocund life the blood-stain'd spot may shun,
And gloomy silence dwell here evermore.

(Enter COUNT JULIAN.)

COUNT JULIAN. The child—the child—where, where?

RUPERT. Here, Uncle, here.

COUNT JULIAN. (*Perceives the body of Klebel and goes up to it inquiringly.*) Klebel!

RUPERT. O! Uncle, wilt thou not embrace me?

COUNT JULIAN. (*Turns to Rupert with a look of recognition.*) Ha, ha, ha. (*Totters up to Rupert and dies at his feet.*)

RUPERT. His heart is still.—Too soon for my forgiveness.

Speed it with his floun spirit to that dread court
Where he will stand for judgment; and if there
A mortal's wish may find admittance, let it,
Eternal Judge, plead with his penitence.

(*Curtain falls.*)

THE END.

4-1, ck



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